

## Art Guard

Jay Ferguson

Went to the Met, I had the day off  
I wanted culture, didn't want to flake off  
I went upstairs to room 207  
That's when I saw that little bit of heaven  
She was standing there next to the Lautrec  
My knees grew weak, my heart was a wreck  
I moved closer, I could read her badge, it said  
"Art Guard, my name is Madge"

Art Guard, she stole my heart  
Art Guard, she had me from the start  
Art Guard, doing her part  
Art Guard, she was guarding the art

I asked if she'd go for coffee sometime  
She said, "I'm here each day from two o'clock to nine"  
I couldn't hide it, I wanted her that much  
She said, "You can look, but you just can't touch"

Art Guard, she stole my heart  
Art Guard, she had me from the start  
Art Guard, doing her part  
Art Guard, she was guarding the art

I said, "I like the Cubists, but I'm more into Dada"  
She said, "Try the Pointillists, you really oughta"  
"But where's Monet, Degas, Gauguin?"  
She said, "Meet me upstairs in room 410"  
She was a

Art Guard, she stole my heart  
Art Guard, she had me from the start  
Art Guard, just doing her part  
Art Guard, she was guarding the art

She flew to Paris, went back to school  
Worked at Musée d'Orsay, and well, that was cool  
She found her passion, well, that's a fact  
That little masterpiece, she's not coming back  
She's still a

Art Guard, she broke my heart  
Art Guard, she tore my life apart  
Art Guard, I still see her in my dreams  
Art Guard, that little masterpiece